afforded me great amusement. The poor man is desperately smitten.

I was invited to a third performance at Seaton Delaval, in which he (Lord Strathmore) was to take a part. The play was *Othello;* the Moor, Lord Tyrconnel; her ladyship, Desdemona; Lord Delaval, Iago; and Lord Strathmore, Cassio. It was very indifferently acted by all except Lord Delaval. The farce was *No Song, no Supper* and fat Spearman's coming out of the sack covered with flour was very laughable.

April 3d, 1791.

The whole company of players from Seaton Delaval are encamped at Gibside. I dined there, and found them as merry and jovial as ever. I hear that d'Hancarville has run away from Paris eighty thousand pounds in debt, leaving his china and books to his creditors. His fine story of M. d'Anglade making him his heir was all a catch, upon the strength of which he borrowed money to raise the wind, took up furniture, &c. He is now incognito at Rome, as Mr.

Jenkins
writes word, but has had a hint that
he must be